

KATHINA.
Her teeth are whiter than the heady froth
That crowns the beer we often drink together,
Her hair is like the gold wings of the north
That flutters round the light in pleasant weather.
I never liked the amber German drink
Before your glasses were to crystal cases;
But now I savor the floods of jingling ice
Upon it—and the best of German misses.
If I should speak of my idolatry,
And she should make me grieve for having spoken,
The fanny clerk would love the charm to me.